

THE
VICAR
OF
WAKEFIELD,
A TALE,
BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

Sperate miseri, cavete felices.

VOL. I.

Cooke's Edition.



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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

“ THE life of a Scholar,” Dr. Goldsmith has remarked, “ seldom abounds with adventure ;
 “ his fame is acquired in solitude, and the historian
 “ who only views him at a distance, must be content
 “ with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarce
 “ distinguished from the rest of mankind : but we are
 “ fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure,
 “ not that we have any thing important to say, but
 “ because the subject is pleasing.”

Oliver Goldsmith, son of the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, in the year 1729. His father had four sons, of whom Oliver was the third. After being well instructed in the classics, at the school of Mr. Hughes, he was admitted a sizer in Trinity-college, Dublin, on the 11th of June, 1744. While he resided there, he exhibited no specimens of that genius, which in maturer years raised his character so high. On the 20th of February, 1749, O. S. (two years after the regular time) he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after he turned his thoughts to the profession of physic ; and, having attended some courses of anatomy in Dublin, proceeded to Edinburgh, in the year 1751, where he studied the several branches of medicine under the different professors in that university. His beneficent disposition soon involved him in unexpected difficulties ; and he was obliged precipitately to leave Scotland, in consequence of having en-

gaged himself to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow student.

A few days after, about the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland, near Newcastle, where he was arrested at the suit of one Barclay, a taylor in Edinburgh, to whom he had given security for his friend. By the good offices of Laughlin Maclane, Esq. and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college, he was soon delivered out of the hands of the bailiff, and took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam, where, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited great part of Flanders; and, after passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain, where he obtained a degree of Bachelor in physic, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that this ingenious unfortunate man made most part of his tour on foot.* He had left England with very little money; and being of a philosophic turn, and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified by danger, he became an enthusiast to the design he had formed of seeing the manners of different countries. He had some knowledge of the French language, and of music; he played tolerably well on the German flute; which from an amusement, became, at some times, the means of subsistence. His learning produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses he visited; and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. 'Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall,' he used to say, 'I played one of my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only

* 'Countries wear different appearances to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions. *Around the world in eighty days* loquor.' Goldsmith's *Present State of Learning in Europe*, 1758.



‘ a lodging, but subsistence for the next day; but IN
‘ TRUTH’ (his constant expression) ‘ I must own, when-
‘ ever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank,
‘ they always thought my performance odious, and
‘ never made me any return for my endeavours to please
‘ them.’

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper person for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle Mr. S*****. This youth, who was articled to an attorney, on receipt of his fortune, determined to see the world; and, on his engaging with his preceptor, made a proviso, that he should be permitted to govern himself; and our traveller soon found his pupil understood the art of directing in money concerns extremely well, as avarice was his prevailing passion.

During Goldsmith’s continuance in Switzerland, he assiduously cultivated his poetical talent, of which he had given some striking proofs at the college of Edinburgh. It was from hence he sent the first sketch of his delightful epistle, called the TRAVELLER, to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who giving up fame and fortune, had retired with an amiable wife to happiness and obscurity, on an income of only forty pounds a year. The great affection Goldsmith bore for this brother, is expressed in the poem before mentioned, which gives a striking picture of his situation.

From Geneva Mr. Goldsmith and his pupil proceeded to the south of France, where the young man, upon some disagreement with his preceptor, paid him the small part of his salary which was due, and embarked at Marseilles for England. Our wanderer was left once more upon the world at large, and passed through a number of difficulties in traversing the greatest part of France. At length his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and arrived

at Dover, the beginning of the winter, in the year 1758.

His finances were so low on his return to England, that he with difficulty got to the metropolis, his whole stock of cash amounting to no more than a few half-pence. An entire stranger in London, his mind was filled with the most gloomy reflections in consequence of his embarrassed situation. He applied to several apothecaries, in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman; but his broad Irish accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance, occasioned him to meet with insult from most of the medicinal tribe. The next day, however, a chymist near Fish-street, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity of his manner, took him into his laboratory, where he continued till he discovered that his old friend Dr. Sleigh was in London. That gentleman received him with the warmest affection, and liberally invited him to share his purse till some establishment could be procured for him. Goldsmith, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a short time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him to assist the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in instructing the young gentlemen at the academy at Peckham; and acquitted himself greatly to the Doctor's satisfaction for a short time; but, having obtained some reputation by the criticisms he had written in the Monthly Review, Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and resolving to pursue the profession of writing, he returned to London, as the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward. Here he determined to adopt a plan of the strictest economy, and, at the close of the year 1759, took lodgings in Green-Arbour-court, in the Old Bailey, where he wrote several ingenious pieces. The late Mr. Newbery, who, at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became a kind of patron to our young author, and introduced him as one of the
writers

writers in the Public Ledger*, in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared, under the title of 'Chinese Letters.'

Fortune now seemed to take some notice of a man she had long neglected. The simplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions, made his company very acceptable to a number of respectable persons; and, about the middle of the year 1762, he emerged from his mean apartments near the Old Bailey to the politer region of the Temple, where he took handsome chambers, and lived in a genteel style.

Among many other persons of distinction who were desirous to know him, was the Duke of Northumberland; and the circumstance that attended his introduction to that nobleman is worthy of being related, in order to shew a striking trait of his character. 'I was invited,' said the Doctor, 'by my friend Percy, to wait upon the Duke, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland house, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with his Grace. They shewed me into an anti-chamber, where after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed made his

* During this time, (according to another account) he wrote for the British Magazine, of which Dr. Smollet was then editor, most of those *Essays* and *Tales* which he afterwards collected and published in a separate volume. He also wrote occasionally for the Critical Review; and it was the merit which he discovered in criticising a despicable translation of Ovid's *Fastii*, by a pedantic school-master, and his *Enquiry into the Present State of Learning in Europe*, which first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollet, who recommended him to several literati, and to most of the booksellers by whom he was afterwards patronized.

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' all the fine things I had composed, in order to com-
' pliment him on the honour he had done me; when,
' to my great astonishment, he told me I had mis-
' taken him for his master, who would see me imme-
' diately. At that instant the Duke came into the
' apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion,
' that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the
' sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and
' went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had
' committed.'

The Doctor at the time of this visit, was much embarrassed in his circumstances, but vain of the honour done him, was continually mentioning it. One of those ingenious executors of the law, a bailiff, who had a writ against him, determined to turn this circumstance to his own advantage; he wrote him a letter, that he was steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his last production, and had ordered him to desire the Doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his Lordship. The vanity of poor Goldsmith immediately swallowed the bait; he appointed the British Coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the Critical Review, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On entering the coffee-room the bailiff paid his respects to the Doctor, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him. They had scarce entered Pall-mall, in their way to his Lordship, when the bailiff produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and redeemed the Doctor from captivity.

The publications of his *Traveller*, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and his *History of England*, were followed by his comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, at Covent Garden theatre, which placed him in the first rank of modern writers.

With respect to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, it is certainly
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a composition which has justly merited the applause of all discerning readers, as one of the best Novels in the English language. The diction is chaste, correct, and elegant. The characters are drawn to the life, and the scenes it exhibits are ingeniously variegated with humour and sentiment. The hero of the piece displays the most shining virtues that can adorn relative and social life; sincere in his profession, humane and generous in his disposition, he is himself a pattern of the character he represents, enforcing that excellent maxim, that example is more powerful than precept. His wife is drawn as possessing many laudable qualifications, and her prevailing passion for external parade is an inoffensive foible, calculated rather to excite our mirth than incur our censure. The character of Olivia, the Vicar's eldest daughter, is contrasted with that of Sophia the younger; the one being represented as of a disposition gay and volatile, the other as rather grave and steady; though neither of them seems to have indulged their peculiar propensity beyond the bounds of moderation.

Upon a review of this excellent production, it may be truly said, that it inculcates the purest lessons of morality and virtue, free from the rigid laws of stoicism, and adapted to attract the esteem and observation of every ingenuous mind. It excites not a thought that can be injurious in its tendency, nor breathes an idea that can offend the chastest ear.

Our Doctor, as he was now universally called, had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen, whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved; and he has often been known to leave himself even without a guinea, in order to supply the necessities of others.

Another feature in his character we cannot help laying before the reader. Previous to the publication of his *Deserted Village*, the bookseller had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy, which the Doctor mentioned, a few hours after, to one of his friends, who observed it was a very great sum for so short

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short a performance. 'In truth,' replied Goldsmith, 'I think so too; it is much more than the honest man can afford, or the piece is worth; I have not been easy since I received it; I will therefore go back and return him his note:' which he actually did, and left it entirely to the bookseller to pay him according to the profits produced by the sale of the poem, which turned out very considerable.

The author addresses this poem to his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds. He writes in the character of a native of a country village, to which he gives the name of Auburn, and which he pathetically addresses. He then proceeds to contrast the innocence and happiness of a simple and a natural state with the miseries and vices that have been introduced by polished life, and gives the following beautiful apostrophe to retirement:

'O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine;
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

The description of the parish priest (probably intended for a character of his brother Henry) would have done honour to any poet of any age. In this description, the simile of the bird teaching her young to fly, and of the mountain that rises above the storm, are not easily to be paralleled. The rest of the poem consists of the character of the village school-master, and a description of the village ale-house, both drawn with

with admirable propriety and force; a delcant on the mischiefs of luxury and wealth; the variety of artificial pleasures; the miseries of those who for want of employment at home, are driven to settle new colonies abroad, and concludes with the following beautiful apostrophe to poetry:

‘ And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my blifs, and all my woe,
That found me poor at first, and keep’st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.’

The Doctor did not reap a profit from his poetical labours equal to those of his prose. The earl of Lisburne, whose classical taste is well known, one day at a dinner of the Royal Academicians, lamented to the Doctor his neglecting the muses, and enquired of him why he forsook poetry, in which he was sure of charming his readers, to compile histories and write novels? The Doctor replied, ‘ My Lord, by courting the muses I shall starve, but by my other labours, I eat, drink, have good clothes, and enjoy the luxuries of life.’

During the last rehearsal of his comedy, intituled, *She Stoops to Conquer* which Mr. Coleman thought would not succeed, on the Doctor’s objecting to the repetition of one of Tony Lumpkin’s speeches, being apprehensive it might injure the play, the manager, with great keenness replied, ‘ Psha, my dear Doctor, do not be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a *barrel of gunpowder*.’ The piece, however, contrary to Mr. Colman’s expectation, was received with uncommon applause by the audience; and Goldsmith’s pride was so hurt by the severity of the above observation, that it entirely

tirely put an end to his friendship for the gentleman who made it.

The success of the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, produced a most illiberal personal attack on the author in one of the public prints. Enraged at this abusive publication, Dr. Goldsmith repaired to the house of the publisher, and after remonstrating on the *malignity* of this attack on his character, began to apply his cane to the shoulders of the *publisher*, who making a powerful resistance, from being the *defensive* soon became the *offensive* combatant. Dr. Kenrick, who was sitting in a private room of the publisher's, hearing a noise in the shop, came in, put an end to the fight, and conveyed the Doctor to a coach. The papers instantly teemed with fresh abuse on the impropriety of the Doctor's attempting to beat a person in his own house, on which, in the Daily Advertiser of Wednesday, March 31, 1773, he inserted the following address:

‘ To the PUBLIC.

‘ LEST it should be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that in all my life I never wrote, or dictated a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger; and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the press therefore has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

‘ I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late, the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too
‘ obscure

' obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become
' the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom
' of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own
' dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle,
' and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of
' mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, con-
' tent with security from its insults.

' How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which
' all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice
' consequently escapes in the general censure, I am un-
' able to tell; all I could wish is, that, as the law
' gives us no protection against the injury, so it should
' give calumniators no shelter after having provoked
' correction. The insults which we receive before
' the public, by being more open are the more dis-
' tressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we
' do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of
' the world. By recurring to legal redress, we too
' often expose the weakness of the law, which only
' serves to increase our mortification by failing to re-
' lieve us. In short, every man should singly consider
' himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and
' as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour
' to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the
' grave of its freedom.

' OLIVER GOLDSMITH.'

Notwithstanding the great success of his pieces, by
some of which, it is asserted, upon good authority,
that he cleared 1800*l.* in one year, his circumstances
were by no means in a prosperous situation: partly
owing to the liberality of his disposition, and partly
to an unfortunate habit he had contracted of gaming,
with the arts of which he was very little acquainted,
and consequently became the prey of those who were
unprincipled enough to take advantage of his igno-
rance.

Just before his death he had formed a design for ex-
ecuting an universal dictionary of arts and sciences,

the *prospectus* of which he actually printed and distributed among his acquaintance. In this work several of his literary friends (particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Garrick) had promised to assist, and to furnish him with articles upon different subjects. He had entertained the most sanguine expectations from the success of it. The undertaking, however did not meet with that encouragement from the bookfellers which he had imagined it would receive; and he used to lament this circumstance almost to the last hour of his existence.

He had been for some years afflicted, at different times, with a violent strangury, which contributed not a little to embitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexations he suffered upon other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this unhappy condition he was attacked by a nervous fever.

On Friday the twenty-fifth of March, 1774, finding himself extremely ill, he sent at eleven o'clock at night for Mr. Hawes, an apothecary, to whom he complained of a violent pain extending all over the fore part of his head, his tongue was moist, he had a cold shivering, and his pulse beat about ninety strokes in a minute. He acquainted him he had taken two ounces of Ipecacuanha wine as a vomit, and that it was his intention to take Dr. James's fever powders, which he desired him to send him. Mr. Hawes replied, that in his opinion this medicine was very improper at *that* time, and begged he would not think of it; but every argument used seemed only to render him more determined in his own opinion.

Mr. Hawes, knowing that in preceding illnesses Dr. Goldsmith always consulted Dr. Fordyce, and that he had expressed the greatest opinion of his abilities as a physician, requested that he might be permitted to send for him. It was a full quarter of an hour before Mr. Hawes could obtain his consent, as the taking Dr. James's powders appeared to be the only

object

object which employed his attention; and even then he endeavoured to throw an obstacle in his way, by saying, that Dr. Fordyce was gone to spend the evening in Gerrard-street, 'where,' added he, 'I should also have been, if I had not been indisposed.' Mr. Hawes immediately dispatched a messenger, who found Dr. Fordyce at home, and who waited on Dr. Goldsmith directly.

Dr. Fordyce represented to him the impropriety of taking the powders in his *then* situation; but he was deaf to all remonstrances, and persisted in his own resolution.

On Saturday morning, March 26, Mr. Hawes visited his patient, whom he found extremely reduced, and his pulse was now become very quick and small. When he enquired of him how he did, Dr. Goldsmith sighed deeply, and in a very low voice said, 'He wished he had taken his friendly advice last night.'

Dr. Fordyce perceiving the danger of Dr. Goldsmith's situation, desired Mr. Hawes to propose sending for Dr. Turton, of whom he knew Dr. Goldsmith had a great opinion: the proposal being mentioned to Dr. Goldsmith, he very readily consented, and ordered his servant to go directly. The Doctors Fordyce and Turton met at the time appointed to assist at a consultation, which was continued twice a day, till the disorder terminated in his dissolution, on the fourth day of April 1774, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

This event was at the time invidiously attributed to the use of James's powders. The truth is, that on the attack of his disorder he took two ounces of Ipecacuanha wine as an emetic; and before the operation of it was over, he sent to his apothecary for a dose of James's powder. However improper such a proceeding, and however reduced in consequence of the evacuations occasioned by the two medicines united, yet when his physicians were called in, two days afterwards, he had a remission of his fever, and they were not without hopes of restoring him, if he would have fol-

lowed their advice; but he omitted taking the bark as directed, and then, from an idea that his apothecary had given him James's powder that was not genuine, he sent for another apothecary, from whom he ordered other medicines. In short, he appears to have fallen a victim to his own imprudence.

His friends, who were very numerous and respectable, had determined to bury him in Westminster-abbey; his pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but from some unaccountable circumstances this design was dropped, and his remains were privately deposited in the Temple burial-ground, on Saturday the 9th of April; when Mr. Hugh Kelly, Messrs. John and Robert Day, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes, gentlemen, who had been his friends in life, attended his corpse as mourners, and paid the last tribute to his memory.

A subscription, however, was afterwards raised by his friends, to defray the expence of a marble monument, which was executed by Mr. Nollkens, an eminent statuary in London, and placed in Westminster-abbey, between Gay's monument and the Duke of Argyll's, in the Poets corner. It consists of a large medallion, exhibiting a very good likeness of the Doctor, embellished with literary ornaments, underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following Latin inscription, written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson:

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH
Poetæ, Physici, Historici.
Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus
Non tetigit.
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit
Sive Risus essent movendi
Sive Lacrymæ.
Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator
Ingenio sublimis---Vividus Versatilis
Oratione grandis nitidus Venustus
Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit

Sodaliū Amor
 Amicorū Fides
 Lectorū Veneratio
 Natus Hibernia Forniaē Lonfordienſis
 In loco cui Nomen Pallas
 Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.
 Eblanæ Literis inſtitutus
 Obiit Londini
 April iv. MDCCCLXXIV.

Translation.

This monument is raised
 To the Memory of
 OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
 Poet, Natural Philoſopher, and
 Hiſtorian,
 Who left no ſpecies of writing untouch'd,

or,

Unadorn'd by his pen,
 Whether to move laughter,
 Or draw tears :
 He was a powerful maſter
 Over the affections,
 Though at the ſame time a gentle tyrant,
 Of a genius at once ſublime, lively, and
 Equal to every ſubject :
 In expreſſion at once noble,
 Pure and delicate.
 His Memory will laſt
 As long as ſociety retains affection,
 Friendſhip is not void of Honour,
 And reading wants not her admirers.
 He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
 At Fernes, in the province
 Of Leinſter,
 Where Pallas had ſet her name
 29th Nov. 1731.
 He was educated at Dublin,
 And died in London,
 4th April, 1774.

As to his character, it is ſtrongly illuſtrated by
 Mr. Pope's line,

‘ In wit a man, ſimplicity a child.’

The learned leiſure he loved to enjoy was too often

interrupted by distresses which arose from the openness of his temper, and which sometimes threw him into loud fits of passion; but this impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and his servants have been known upon these occasions purposely to throw themselves in his way, that they might profit by it immediately after, for he who had the good fortune to be reproved was certain of being rewarded for it. His disappointments at other times made him peevish and sullen; and he has often left a party of convivial friends abruptly in the evening, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes.

The universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the repeated pleasure they give in the perusal, are striking proofs of their merit. He was a studious and correct observer of nature, happy in the selection of his images, in the choice of subjects, and in the harmony of his versification; and, though his embarrassed situation prevented him from putting the last hand to many of his productions, his *Hermit*, his *Traveller*, and his *Deserted Village*, bid fair to claim a place among the most finished pieces in the English language.

The excellent poem of *Retaliation* was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject, and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it in the manner which he intended. The poem owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment at a literary club, to which the Doctor belonged, and who proposed to write epitaphs on him. He was called on for retaliation, and at the next meeting produced the poem.

The last work of this ingenious author, was 'An history of the Earth and Animated Nature,' in 8 vols. 8vo. for which production his bookseller gave him 850*l*. The Doctor seems to have considered attentively the works of the several authors who have wrote on this subject. If there should not be a great deal of disco-

very

very, or new matter, yet a judicious selection from abundant materials is no small praise; and if the experiments and discoveries of other writers are laid open in an agreeable dress, so pleasing as to allure the young reader into a pursuit of this sort of knowledge, we have no small obligations to this very engaging writer.

Our author professes to have had a taste rather classical than scientific, and it was in the study of the classics, that he first caught the desire of attaining a knowledge of nature. Pliny first inspired him, and he resolved to translate that agreeable writer, and by the help of a commentary to make his translation acceptable to the public.

It is not to be questioned that Dr. Goldsmith, had he followed that plan, would have marked out those inaccuracies and extravagancies, into which an easy credulity, or a want of attention, or the little progress of science in the world, in his age, had seduced his original author, and are the blemishes of that ingenious, inquisitive, and laborious writer. Nor are his abilities less conspicuous, in his poetic than his prosaic productions.

To attempt to convey a proper idea of his great genius in the former, would be a task to which we must acknowledge ourselves totally incompetent: their beauties cannot be pictured by relation; they can only be known by his writings, of which, as specimens, we shall insert the following extracts:

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

From the Deserted Village.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The Village-Preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place:
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain :
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast :
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd ;
 The broken foldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt, at every call
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile :
 His ready smile a Parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE COUNTRY ALEHOUSE.

From the Deserted Village.

NEAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard Mirth and smiling Toil retir'd ;
Where Village-Statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour-splendours of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The picture plac'd for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Goose ;
The hearth, except when Winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! Could not all
Relieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall ?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
Thither, no more, the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pondrous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup, to pass it to the rest.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste, expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee :

Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale:
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward, where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols his treasures of the stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are an hundred faults in this Thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, a husbandman, and a father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey, as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, who can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fire-side; such as mistake ribaldry for humour will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAP. I.

*The Description of the family of Wakefield, in which
a kindred likeness prevails as well of
minds as of persons.*

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; though I could never find we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness encreased as we grew old. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for

which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted, that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us: for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that sometimes we had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtsy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were

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were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the support of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand grandmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, 'Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country.' 'Ay, neighbour,' she would answer, 'they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is, that handsome does.' And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now

about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repress excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquet into a prude, and a new set of ribbands has given her youngest sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford; as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.



C H A P. II.

Family Misfortunes. The loss of Fortune only serves to increase the pride of the worthy.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to about thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without a reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon this subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but alas! they had not like me made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of Wil-

liam Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, œconomy, and obedience, till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be compleatly pretty. Her youth, health and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study; they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us upon these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered

ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw duce-ace five times running.

Some months were escaped in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a master-piece both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but not till too late, I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox, I returned the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. 'How,' cried I, 'relinquish the cause
' of

‘ of truth, and let him be an husband, already driven
‘ to the verge of absurdity. You might as well advise
‘ me to give up my fortune as my argument.’ ‘ Your
‘ fortune,’ returned my friend, ‘ I am now sorry to
‘ inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in
‘ town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has
‘ gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is
‘ thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I
‘ was unwilling to shock you or the family with the
‘ account, till after the wedding: but now it may serve
‘ to moderate your warmth in the argument; for I sup-
‘ pose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of
‘ dissembling, at least till your son has the young
‘ lady’s fortune secure.’ ‘ Well,’ returned I, ‘ if
‘ what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar,
‘ it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to
‘ disavow my principles. I’ll go this moment and
‘ inform the company of my circumstances; and as
‘ for the argument, I even here retract my former
‘ concessions in the old gentleman’s favour, nor will
‘ I allow him now to be an husband, in any sense of
‘ the expression.

It would be endless to describe the different sensa-
tions of both families, when I divulged the news of
our misfortune; but what others felt was slight to
what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot,
who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the
match, was by this blow soon determined: one virtue
he had in perfection, which was prudence; too often
the only one that is left us at seventy-two.



C H A P. III.

A migration. The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling: the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrance of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary, by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances, for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. ‘You cannot be ignorant, my children,’ cried I, ‘that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then without repining, give up those splendors with which numbers are wretched, and seek, in humbler circumstances, that peace with which all may be

‘be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why then should we not learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.’

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had to bestow. ‘You are going, my boy,’ cried I, ‘to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good Bishop Jewel, this staff: and take this book too, it will be your comfort on the way; these two lines in it are worth a million; I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread. Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy, whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell.’ As he was posselt of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquility, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension,
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and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shewn a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. 'Want money!' replied the host, 'that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing.' The hostess, however still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, shewing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and

and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern for the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. 'I take it with all my heart, Sir,' replied he, 'and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me, has shewn me, that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously intreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible.' In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortune, but the place to which I was going to remove. 'This,' cried he, 'happens still more lucky than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which, I hope by to-morrow, will be found passable.' I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in intreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now his time to retire, and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road side, observing with a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprized me most was, that though he was a money borrower, he defended his opinion with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed

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me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. 'That,' cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, 'belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependant on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman, who content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town.' 'What!' cried I, 'is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence.'—'Some think, perhaps, too much so,' replied Mr. Burchell, 'at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they all were upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who shewed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured, he found numbers disposed to solicit: his profusions began to impair his fortune, but not his good nature; that, indeed, seemed to increase as

' the other seemed to decay ; he grew improvident as
 ' he grew poor ; and though he talked like a man of
 ' sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, how-
 ' ever, being surrounded with importunity, and no
 ' longer able to satisfy every request that was made
 ' him, instead of *money* he gave *promises*. They were
 ' all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough
 ' to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew
 ' round him crowds of dependants whom he was sure
 ' to disappoint ; yet wished to relieve. These hung
 ' upon him for a time, and left him with merited re-
 ' proaches and contempt. But in proportion as he
 ' became contemptible to others, he became despicable
 ' to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adula-
 ' tion, and that support taken away, he could find no
 ' pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had
 ' never learned to reverence. The world now began
 ' to wear a different aspect ; the flattery of his friends
 ' began to dwindle into simple approbation. Appro-
 ' bation soon took the more friendly form of advice ;
 ' and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches.
 ' He now, therefore, found that such friends as bene-
 ' fits had gathered round him, were little estimable ;
 ' he now found that a man's own heart must be ever
 ' given to gain that of another. I now found, that---
 ' that---I forgot what I was going to observe : in
 ' short, Sir, he resolved to respect himself. and laid
 ' down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For
 ' this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he tra-
 ' velled through Europe on foot, and now, though he
 ' has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circum-
 ' stances are more affluent than ever. At present his
 ' bounties are more rational and moderate than before,
 ' but still he preserves the character of an humourist,
 ' and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues.'

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Bur-
 cheil's account, that I scarce looked forward as we
 went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my
 family : when turning, I perceived my youngest daugh-

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ter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgements to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described; she thanked her deliver more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey, my wife observing, as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as our's, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain: but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.



C H A P. IV.

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness which depends not on circumstances, but constitution.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniencies of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primæval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, eat pancakes on Shrove tide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their fine cloaths, and preceded by a pipe and tabor; a feast was also provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a pratling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's good will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though
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the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sun rise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant: after we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and, in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labour after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and tasted our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last good-night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest

boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an half-penny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribbands, bugles and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be drest early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, drest out in all their former splendour, their hair plaistered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. 'Surely, my dear, you jest,' cried my wife, 'we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now.'—'You mistake, child,' returned I, 'we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us.'—'Indeed,' replied my wife, 'I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him.'—'You may be as neat as you please,' interrupted I, 'and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not
'neatness

‘neatness but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children,’ continued I, more gravely, ‘those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.’

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones: and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

CHAP. V.

A new and great acquaintance introduced. What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal.

AT a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by an hedge of hawthorn and honey-suckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and

and centaur, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that waisted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures; every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening amply repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn on an holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and, by its panting, seemed prest by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprize, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, past us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chace, stopt short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was the owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family; and such was the power of fortune and fine cloaths, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song.

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As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintance, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that with a chearful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtesey. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at: my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his cloaths, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit; for that she had known even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinkles should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why

Mr.

Mr. Simkins got the ten thousand pounds prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank. 'I protest 'Charles,' cried my wife, 'this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits. —Tell me, Soph, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be 'good-natured?'-----'Immensely so, indeed, mama,' replied she; 'I think he has a great deal to say upon 'every thing, and is never at a loss; and the more 'trifling the subject, the more he has to say.'-----'Yes,' cried Olivia, 'he is well enough for a man; 'but for my part, I don't much like him, he is so 'extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking.' These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him. 'Whatever may be your opinions of him, my 'children,' cried I, 'to confess a truth, he has not 'prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly 'sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to 'companions of our own rank. There is no character 'more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter! and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting 'women should not be contemptible too. Thus, at 'best, we shall be contemptible if his views are honourable: but if they be otherwise! I should shudder but to think of that! It is true, I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, but I 'think there are some from his character.' I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour than any thing I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires

quires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the centinel.

C H A P. VI.

The happiness of a country fire-side.

AS we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. 'I am sorry,' cried I, 'that we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.'----'Bless me,' cried my wife, 'here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.'--'Confute me in argument, child!' cried I, 'you mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that: I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pye, and I beg you'll leave argument to me.' As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons; because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories; and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them, a piece of gingerbread, or an half-penny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours hospitality. He sat down

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to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grizzel, the adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next ale-house. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. 'And I,' cried Bill, 'will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs.'-----'Well done,' my 'good children,' cried I, 'hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to his shelter, and the bird to it's nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world was he that came to save it. He never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us.----Deborah, my dear,' cried I to my wife, 'give those boys a lump of sugar each; and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first.'

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly, we turned the swath to the wind, I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in her's, and enter into a close conversation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neigh-

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neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. 'What a strong instance,' said I, 'is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance! He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature! where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire, and command! gone perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander: their former raptures at his wit are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful.' Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reprov'd. 'Whatever his former conduct may be, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly; and I have heard my papa himself say, that we should never strike one unnecessary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment.'-----'You are right, Sophia,' cried my son Moses, 'and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to slay Marfyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stript off by another. Besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And to confess the truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station; far I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day, when he conversed with you.' This was said without the least design; however, it excited

a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh; assuring him, that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repress my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty; Moses sat reading while I taught my little ones; my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that instead of mending the complexion they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAP. VII.

A town wit described. The dullest fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse: but my wife in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to

Miss

Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath, that he never knew any thing more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: 'For strike me ugly,' continued he, 'if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock at St. Dunstan's.' At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia too could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner I began with my usual toast, the church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. 'Come, tell us honestly, Frank,' said the squire, with his usual archness, 'suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other; which would you be for?'—'For both, to be sure,' cried the chaplain. 'Right, Frank,' cried the squire; 'for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation. For what are tythes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture, and I can prove it.'—'I wish you would,' cried my son Moses, 'and I think,' continued he, 'that I should be able to answer you.'—'Very well, Sir,' cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company, to prepare us for the sport, 'if you are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically, or dialogically?'—'I am for managing it rationally,' cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. 'Good, again,' cries the squire; 'and firstly, of the first, I hope you'll not deny that whatever is,

‘ is ; if you don’t grant me that, I can go no farther.’-----‘ Why,’ returned Moses, ‘ I think I may grant that, and make the best of it.’---‘ I hope too,’ returned the other, ‘ you will grant that a part is less than the whole.’-----‘ I grant that too,’ cried Moses, ‘ it is but just and reasonable.’-----‘ I hope,’ cried the squire, ‘ you will not deny, that the two angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.’—‘ Nothing can be plainer,’ returned t’other; and looked round with his usual importance. ‘ Very well,’ cried the squire, speaking very quick; ‘ the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.’---‘ Hold, hold,’ cried the other, ‘ I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?’-----‘ What,’ replied the squire, as if in a passion, ‘ not submit!’ ‘ Answer me one plain question: Do you think Aristotle right, when he says, that relatives are related?’—‘ Undoubtedly,’ replied the other. ‘ If so then,’ cried the squire, ‘ answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymen deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus, and give me your reasons: I say, directly.’---‘ I protest,’ cried Moses, ‘ I don’t rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one simple proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer.’—‘ O, Sir,’ cried the squire, ‘ I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, Sir, there I protest you are too hard for me.’ This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a groupe of merry faces: nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising then that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. 'And now, my dear,' cried she to me, 'I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?'----'Aye, who knows that indeed!' answered I with a groan: 'for my part I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity: for depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no free-thinker shall ever have a child of mine.'

'Sure, father,' cried Moses, 'you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his

‘ power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman : so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors, than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy.’

‘ True, my son,’ cried I ; ‘ but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable. And such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see ; but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly.’

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument : she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good husbands ; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses : ‘ And who knows, my dear,’ continued she, ‘ what Olivia may be able to do ? ‘ the girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and to my knowledge is very well skilled in controversy.’

‘ Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read ?’ cried I. ‘ It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands : you certainly over-rate her merit.’—‘ Indeed papa,’ replied Olivia, ‘ she does not ; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square ; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage ; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship.’----- ‘ Very well,’ cried I, ‘ that’s a good girl ; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pye.’

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would in a jesting manner call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbands, her's was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two black-birds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and picked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquility. 'I never sit thus,' says Sophia, 'but I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each others arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an hundred times with new rapture.'-----'In my opinion,' cried my son, the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the *Acis and Galatea* of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of *contrast* better, and upon that figure,

‘figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends.’-----‘It is remarkable,’ cried Mr. Burchell, ‘that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects, and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion; a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. But perhaps, Madam, while I thus reprehend others, you’ll think it just that I should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and indeed I have made this remark only to have an opportunity of introducing to the company a ballad, which, whatever be its other defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned.’

A BALLAD.

‘TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 ‘ And guide by lonely way,
 ‘ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 ‘ With hospitable ray.

‘ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 ‘ With fainting steps and slow;
 ‘ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 ‘ Seem lengthening as I go.’

‘ Forbear, my son,’ the hermit cries,
 ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 ‘ For yonder faithless phantom flies
 ‘ To lure thee to thy doom.

‘ Here, to the houseless child of want,
 ‘ My door is open still:
 ‘ And though my portion is but scant,
 ‘ I give it with good will.

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- ‘ Then turn to night, and freely share
 ‘ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
 ‘ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 ‘ My blessing and repose.
 ‘ No flocks, that range the valley free,
 ‘ To slaughter I condemn ;
 ‘ Taught by that Power that pities me,
 ‘ I learn to pity them.
 ‘ But, from the mountain’s grassy side,
 ‘ A guiltless feast I bring ;
 ‘ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
 ‘ And water from the spring.
 ‘ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 ‘ All earth-born cares are wrong :
 ‘ Man wants but little help below,
 ‘ Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
 His gentle accents fell :
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir’d a master’s care ;
 The wicket, opening with a latch,
 Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm’d his little fire,
 And cheer’d his pensive guest.

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest and smil’d ;
 And, skill’d in legendary lore,
 The ling’ring hours beguil’d.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries ;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart :

To soothe the stranger's woe ;

For grief was heavy at his heart,

And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,

With answering care oppress'd :

' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,

' The sorrows of thy breast ?

' From better habitations spurn'd,

' Reluctant dost thou rove ;

' Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,

' Or unregarded love ?

' Alas ! the joys that fortune brings

' Are trifling, and decay ;

' And those who prize the paltry things,

' More trifling still than they.

' And what is friendship but a name,

' A charm that lulls to sleep ;

' A shade that follows wealth or fame,

' But leaves the wretch to weep ?

' And love is still an emptier sound,

' The modern fair one's jest ;

' On earth unseen, or only found

' To warm the turtle's nest.

' For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,

And spurn the sex,' he said :

But while he spoke, a rising blush

His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise,

Swift mantling to the view,

Like colours o'er the morning skies ;

As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,

Alternate spread alarms,

The lovely stranger stands confess

A maid, in all her charms.

And, ' Ah, forgive a stranger rude,

' A wretch forlorn,' she cried ;

' Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude

' Where heav'n and you reside ;

- ' But let a maid thy pity share,
' Whom love has taught to stray,
- ' Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
' Companion of her way.
- ' My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
' A wealthy lord was he ;
- ' And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
' He had but only me.
- ' To win me from his tender arms,
' Unnumber'd suitors came ;
- ' Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
' And felt or feign'd a flame.
- ' Each hour a mercenary crowd
' With richest proffers strove :
- ' Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
' But never talk'd of love.
- ' In humble, simplest habit clad,
' Nor wealth nor power had he ;
- ' Wisdom and worth were all he had,
' But these were all to me.
- ' The blossom opening to the day,
' The dews of heav'n refin'd,
- ' Could nought of purity display,
' To emulate his mind.
- ' The dew, the blossom on the tree,
' With charms inconstant shine ;
- ' Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
' Their constancy was mine.
- ' For still I try'd each fickle art,
' Importunate and vain :
- ' And while his passion touch'd my heart,
' I triumph'd in his pain.
- ' Till quite dejected with my scorn,
' He left me to my pride,
- ' And sought a solitude forlorn,
' In secret, where he died.
- ' But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
' And well my life shall pay ;
- ' I'll seek the solitude he sought,
' And stretch me where he lay.

- ' And there forlorn despairing hid,
' I'll lay me down and die ;
- ' 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
' And so for him will I.'
- ' Forbid it heav'n !' the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast.
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.
- ' Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
' My charmer, turn to see
- ' Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
' Restor'd to love and thee.
- ' Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
' And every care resign :
- ' And shall we never, never part,
' My life---my all that's mine !
- ' No, never from this hour to part,
' We'll live and love so true ;
- ' The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
' Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquility was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us, and immediately after a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the squire's chaplain, who had shot one the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters ; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual,

usual, discovered her pride in a whisper; observing that Sophia had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the squire. I suspected however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music, and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moon-light, on the grass plat before our door. 'Nor can I deny,' continued he, 'but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be 'honoured with Miss Sophia's hand as a partner.' To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour: 'But here,' continued she, 'is a gentleman,' looking at Mr. Burchell, 'who has been my companion in the task for the 'day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements.' Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions; but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to an harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could thus prefer a man of broken fortune to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, and adapted for mutual inspection.

C H A P. IX.

Two ladies of great distinction introduced. Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

MR. Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord with a couple of under gentlemen,

gentlemen, and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This proposition I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country-dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to: though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the round-about to perfection; yet they were totally unacquainted with country-dances. This at first discomposed us: however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright, Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine: but neighbour Flamborough observed that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion

in

in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that by the *living jingo*, *she was all of a muck of sweat*, Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation at this time, was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction, (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and what appeared amiss was ascribed to tiptop quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added that a single winter in town would make little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both; adding that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. 'And what pleasures,' cried Mr. Thornhill, 'do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part,' continued he, 'my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure, are my maxims; but curse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be her's; and the only favour I would ask in return, would be to add

‘myself to the benefit.’ I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. ‘Sir,’ cried I, ‘the family which you now condescend to favour with your company has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you. Any attempts to injure that may be attended with very dangerous consequences. Honour, Sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful.’ I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. ‘As to your present hints,’ continued he, ‘I protest nothing was farther from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that’s tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste; for all my amours are carried by a coup de main.’

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked on the pleasures of temperance, and of the sun-shine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept beyond the usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal, and in this manner the night was past in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters; for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The squire seconded the proposal,

posaf, and my wife added her intreaties; the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal; for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

C H A P. X.

The family endeavour to cope with their betters. The miseries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumstances.

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughter's eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon cat-gut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sybil no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece, to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help

gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pocket; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. 'Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a penny-worth?'----'I protest, papa,' says the girl, 'I believe she deals with somebody that is not right; for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelve-month!'----'Well, now, Sophy, my child,' said I, and 'what sort of a husband are you to have?'---'Sir,' replied she, 'I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire.'---'How,' cried I, 'is that all you are to have for your two shillings! Only a lord and a squire for two shillings! You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money.'

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars for something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted, that the squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world,

world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross bones, the sign of an approaching wedding: at another time she imagined her daughters pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips: they saw rings in the candle; purses bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: 'I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow.' 'Perhaps, we may, my dear,' returned I: 'though you need be under no uneasiness about that, you shall have a sermon whether there be or not.'-----'That is what I expect,' returned she: 'but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?'-----'Your precautions,' replied I, 'are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance at church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene.'-----'Yes,' cried she, 'I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible, not altogether like the scrubs about us.'-----'You are quite right, my dear,' returned I, 'and I was going to make the very same proposal.'

‘ proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins.’---‘ Phoo, Charles,’ interrupted she, ‘ all this is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteely. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don’t like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this; there are our two plough horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should they not do something as well as we? And let me tell you when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure.’

To this proposal I objected, that ‘ walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail: that they had never been broke to the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house.’ All these objections, however, were overruled: so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as I expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when got about half-way home, perceived the procession

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cession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor intreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

C H A P. XI.

The family still resolve to hold up their heads.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine; and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward,

ward, and set the boys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primæval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer; when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney, and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe, this new mortification. Death! to be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us not at home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, 'We were thrown from our horses.' At which account the ladies were greatly concerned;

concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

‘All that I know of the matter,’ cries Miss Skeggs, ‘is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true: but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his lordship turned all manner of colours, my lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood.’

‘Well,’ replied our peerefs, ‘this I can say, that the dutchefs never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his valet de chambre, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters.’

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell; who during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *Fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

‘Besides,

‘ Besides, my dear Skeggs,’ continued our peerefs, ‘ there is nothing of this in the copy of verfes that Dr. Burdock made upon the occafion.’ *Fudge.*

‘ I am furprized at this,’ cried Mifs Skeggs; ‘ for he feldom leaves any thing out, as he writes only for his own amufement. But can your ladyfhip favor me with the fight of them?’ *Fudge!*

‘ My dear creature,’ replied our peerefs, ‘ do you think I carry fuch things about me? Though they are very fine to be fure, and I think myfelf fomething of a judge; at leaft I know what pleafes myfelf. Indeed I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock’s little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countefs at Hanover Square, there’s nothing comes out but the moft loweft fuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them.’ *Fudge.*

‘ Your ladyfhip fould except,’ fays t’other, ‘ your own things in the Lady’s Magazine. I hope you’ll fay there’s nothing low-lived there? But I fup-pofe we are to have no more from that quarter?’ *Fudge.*

‘ Why, my dear,’ fays the lady, ‘ you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach; and as my poor eyes won’t fuffer me to write myfelf, I have been for fome time looking out for another. A proper perfon is no eafy matter to find, and to be fure thirty pounds a year is a fmall ftipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one.’—*Fudge.*

‘ That I know,’ cried Mifs Skeggs, ‘ by experience. For of the three companions I had this laft half year, one of them refufed to do plain work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too fmall a falary, and I was obliged to fend away the third, becaufe I fufpected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?’ *Fudge!* My

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. 'I hope,' cried she, 'your ladyship will pardon my present presumption. It is true we have no right to pretend to such favours, but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least the country can't shew better. they can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, and work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards.' *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilemina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, 'that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments; but a thing of this kind, Madam,' cried she, addressing my spouse, 'requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more per-

'fect knowledge of each other. Not, Madam,' continued she, 'that I in the least suspect the young ladies virtue, prudence, and discretion: but there is a form in these things, Madam; there is a form.' *Fudge!*

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character; but this our peers declined as unnecessary, alledging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

C H A P. XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shewn us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: 'Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it.'---'Pretty well,' cried I, not knowing what to say.---'What, only pretty well?' returned she. 'I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of caste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so greatly taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? Entre nous, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly, so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wil-

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'mina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?'--- 'Aye,' returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter, 'Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!' This was one of those observations I made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us an horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No, my dear,' said she, 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.'

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him

mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gossling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, 'Good luck, good luck,' till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous enquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. 'Ay,' cried my wife, 'I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep.' To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weazel-skin purse, as being the most lucky: but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating

nicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When we read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. 'This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. 'I never doubted, Sir,' cried she, 'your readiness to be 'against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy 'when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.'— 'Whatever my own conduct may have been, Madam,' replied he, 'is not the present question; though as I 'have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will.' As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall. 'Never mind our son,' cried my wife; 'depend upon 'it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll 'never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have 'seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. 'I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make 'you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, 'yonder comes Moses, without an horse, and the box 'at his back.'

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. 'Welcome, welcome, 'Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us 'from the fair?—'I have brought you myself,' cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. 'Aye, Moses,' cried my wife, 'that we 'know, but where is the horse?—'I have sold him,' cried Moses, 'for three pounds five shillings and two-pence.'—'Well done, my good boy,' returned she, 'I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is

‘no bad day’s work. Come let us have it then.’—
 ‘I have brought back no money,’ cried Moses again.
 ‘I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,’
 pulling out a bundle from his breast: ‘here they
 are; a groce of green spectacles, with silver rims
 and shagreen cases.’----‘A groce of green specta-
 cles!’ replied my wife in a faint voice. ‘And you
 have parted with the colt, and brought us back
 nothing but a groce of green paltry spectacles?----
 Dear mother,’ cried the boy, ‘why won’t you listen
 to reason; I had them a dead bargain, or I should
 not have bought them. The silver rims alone will
 sell for double the money.’----‘A fig for the silver
 rims,’ cried my wife in a passion: ‘I dare swear
 they won’t sell for above half the money at the rate
 of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.’----‘You
 need be under no uneasiness,’ cried I, ‘about selling
 the rims, for they are not worth six-pence, for I
 perceive they are only copper varnished over.’-----
 ‘What,’ cried my wife, ‘not silver! the rims not
 silver!’----‘No,’ cried I, ‘no more silver than your
 saucepan.’----‘And so,’ returned she, ‘we have parted
 with the colt, and have only got a groce of green
 spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A
 murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has
 been imposed upon, and should have known his com-
 pany better.’----‘There, my dear,’ cried I, ‘you
 are wrong, he should not have known them at all.’---
 ‘Marry, hang the idiot,’ returned she, ‘to bring me
 such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in
 the fire.’----‘There again you are wrong, my dear,’
 cried I; ‘for though they be copper, we will keep
 keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know,
 are better than nothing.’

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived.
 He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon
 by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had
 marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him
 the circumstance of his deception. He sold the horse,
 it

it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. 'Here,' continued Moses, 'we met another man very well drest, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two groce between us.'

C H A P. XIII.

Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy; for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. 'You see my children,' cried I, 'how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side; the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable you were reading to-day for the good of the company.'

'Once upon a time,' cried the child, 'a giant and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain they never would forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who
' was

' was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a
 ' most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little
 ' injury, who lifting up his sword, fairly struck off
 ' the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeful
 ' plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a
 ' short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain,
 ' and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of
 ' spite. They then travelled on to another adventure.
 ' This was against three bloody minded satyrs, who
 ' were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf
 ' was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all
 ' that struck the first blow, which was returned by
 ' another that knocked out his eye; but the giant
 ' was soon up with them, and had they not fled
 ' would certainly have killed them every one. They
 ' were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel
 ' who was relieved fell in love with the giant, and
 ' married him. They now travelled far, and farther
 ' than I can tell, till they met with a company of
 ' robbers. The giant for the first time, was foremost
 ' now; but the dwarf was not far behind. The
 ' battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant
 ' came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like
 ' to have been killed more than once. At last the
 ' victory declared for the two adventurers; but the
 ' dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf had now lost an arm,
 ' a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a
 ' single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little
 ' companion, " My little hero, this is glorious sport;
 ' let us get one victory more, and then we shall have
 ' honour for ever."---" No," cries the dwarf, who
 ' by this time was grown wiser, " no, I declare off;
 ' I'll fight no more: for I find in every battle, that
 ' you get all the honour and rewards, but all the
 ' blows fall upon me."

I was going to moralize upon this fable, when our
 attention was called off to a warm dispute between
 my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters in-
 tended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously
 insisted

insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. 'Madam,' cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, 'as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: But I find my visits here are become troublesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country.' Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: 'How, woman,' cried I to her, 'is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most displeasing that ever escaped your lips!---' 'Why would he provoke me then?' replied she; 'but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-liv'd fellows as he.'---

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‘Low-liv’d, my dear, do you call him,’ cried I, ‘it is very possible we may mistake this man’s character: for he seems upon some occasions the most finished gentleman I ever knew.---Tell me Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?’-----‘His conversation with me, Sir,’ replied my daughter, ‘has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else; no, never. Once indeed I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor.’-----‘Such, my dear,’ cried I, ‘is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an oeconomist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice.’

What Sophia’s reflections were upon this occasion I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little: but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.



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C H A P. XIV.

Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensibly necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expence. We debated, therefore, in full council, what were the easiest methods of raising money; or more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished; it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye: it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purposes above mentioned, at the neighbouring fair; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself.-----Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps; and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he should have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and

and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer: for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me; yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right; and St. Gregory upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse; we were shewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met: the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.—‘Make no apologies, my child,’ said the old man; ‘to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow creatures: take this, I wish it were more: but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome.’ The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence

benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention, for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, Sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say successfully, fought against the deuterogamy of the age.'—'Sir,' cried the stranger, struck with awe, 'I fear I have been too familiar; but you'll forgive my curiosity, Sir, I beg pardon.'—'Sir,' cried I, 'grasping his hand, 'you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem.'—'Then with gratitude I accept the offer,' cried he, squeezing me by the hand, 'thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy; and do I behold——' I here interrupted what he was going to say: for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first, I thought him rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself.

self. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculation too much. ‘Aye, Sir,’ replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment; ‘Aye, Sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanco-niathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The later has these words: *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning or end. Manetho, also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Affer, Affer being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglat Phael-Affer; Nabon-Affer; he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate—But, Sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question.’ That he actually was; nor could I for my life see how the creation of the world had any thing to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to shew me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing, by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us to the fair; mine, I told him, was to sell an horse; and very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in five we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound

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note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. 'Here, Abraham,' cried he, 'go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbour Jackson's, or any where.' While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, though he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, 'If that be the case then,' returned he, 'I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draught upon him payable at sight: and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg further than I.' A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability; the draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoaking his pipe at his own door,

and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. 'You can read the name I suppose,' cried I, 'Ephraim Jenkinson.'----'Yes,' returned he, 'the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world?' To this I replied with a groan. 'Aye,' continued he, 'he has but one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it wherever he finds a scholar in company: but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet.'

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency; nor the author of these, but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours; too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

CHAP.

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C H A P. XV.

All Mr. Burchell's villainy at once detected. The folly of being over wise.

THAT evening, and part of the following day, were employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies; scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter case which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen; and upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention, was a sealed note, superscribed, 'the copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle.' It instantly occurred, that he was the base informer: and we deliberated, whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family; and, at their joint sollicitation, I read as follows;

' LADIES,

' The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly,

‘ did it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto re- sided.’

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and it’s censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running to tell us, that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude: yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little: and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach, he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. ‘A fine day, Mr. Burchell.’—‘A very fine day, doctor; though I fancy

‘ we

‘we shall have some rain, by the shooting of my corns.’
 —‘The shooting of your horns,’ cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. ‘Dear madam,’ replied he, ‘I pardon you with all my heart; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke had you not told me.’----
 ‘Perhaps not, Sir,’ cried my wife, winking at us; ‘and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce.’----
 ‘I fancy, Madam, returned Burchell, ‘you have been reading a jest book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit; and yet, Madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding.’----
 ‘I believe you might,’ cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; ‘and yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding that have very little.’----
 ‘And no doubt,’ replied her antagonist, ‘you have known ladies set up for wit that had none.’ I quickly began to find, that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. ‘Both wit and understanding,’ cried I, ‘are trifles without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character; the ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without an heart?’

‘An honest man’s the noblest work of God.’

‘I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope,’ returned Mr. Burchell, ‘as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised not by their freedom from defect but the greatness of their beauties; so should that of men be prized not from their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may want prudence, the statesman may have pride, and the champion ferocity; but shall we prefer to these the low mechanic, who laboriously plods on through life without censure or applause? We might as well prefer the tame correct paintings of the Flemish school, to

‘to the erroneous, but sublime animations of the Roman pencil.’

‘Sir,’ replied I, ‘your present observation is just, when there are shining virtues and minute defects; but when it appears that great vices are opposed in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt.’

‘Perhaps,’ cried he, ‘there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues; yet in my progress through life, I never yet found one instance of their existence: on the contrary, I have ever perceived that where the mind was capacious, the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals: the little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; whilst those endowed with strength and power, are generous, brave, and gentle.’

‘These observations sound well,’ returned I, ‘and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man,’ and I fixed my eye stedfastly upon him, ‘whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Aye, Sir,’ continued I, raising my voice, ‘and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, Sir, this pocket book?’—‘Yes, Sir,’ returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance, ‘that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it.’—‘And do you know,’ cried I, ‘this letter? Nay never falter, man; but look me full in the face: I say, do you know this letter?’—‘That letter,’ returned he; ‘yes, it was I that wrote that letter.’—‘And how could you,’ said I, ‘so basely, so ungratefully, presume to write this letter?’—‘And how came you,’ replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, ‘so basely to presume to break open this letter?’

‘letter? Don’t you know, now, I could hang you for this? All that I have to do, is to swear at the next Justice’s, that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you all up at this door.’ This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch that I could scarce govern my passion. ‘Ungrateful wretch be gone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness. Be gone, and never let me see thee again: go from my door, and the only punishment I wish thee is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormentor!’ So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps, with the utmost composure, left us quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him ashamed of his villanies: ‘My dear,’ cried I, willing to calm those passions which had been raised too high among us, ‘we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.’

‘Guilt and Shame, (says the allegory) were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both; Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement therefore they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind.---Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining.’

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

The family use art, which is opposed by still greater.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet; or, sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body

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saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proof of his passion, which though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but very little short of it: and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughter happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses at fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, (for what could I do) our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my book
on

on the Whiftonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, drest in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a Shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with an hat and white feather.

Our taste for much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquility was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends

friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports were always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as the principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon the occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mama an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution: but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could over-hear the whole conversation: my wife artfully introduced it by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands: 'But heaven help,' continued she, 'the girls that have none. What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, what is she? but what has she? is all the cry.'

'Madam,' returned he, 'I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty of your remarks; and if I were a king it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without

'fortunes: our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide.

'Ah, Sir?' returned my wife, 'you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for an husband. But now that you have put it into my head, seriously Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her; she is now nineteen years old, well grown, and well educated; and in my humble opinion does not want for parts.'

'Madam,' replied he, 'if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity; such Madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband.'---'Aye, Sir,' said she, 'but do you know of any such person?'---'No, Madam,' returned he, 'it is impossible to know any person, that deserves to be her husband; she's too great a treasure for one man's possession: she's a goddess. Upon my soul I speak what I think, she is an angel.'---'Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl: but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread; and who has several times made her proposals' (which was actually the case :) 'But, Sir,' concluded she, 'I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice!'---'How Madam!' replied he, 'my approbation! My approbation of such a choice! Never. What sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons.'---'Indeed, Sir,' cried Deborah, 'if you have your reasons, that's another affair; but I should be glad to know those reasons.'---'Excuse me, Madam,' returned he, 'they lie too
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‘deep for discovery;’ (laying his hand upon his bosom) ‘they remain buried, rivetted here.’

After he was gone, upon general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine; it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who from my daughter’s first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

CHAP. XVII.

Scarce any virtue found to resist the power of long and pleasing temptation.

AS I only studied my child’s real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger; but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting, which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave; though I own it puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he seemed to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia’s anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time sup-

porting a fictitious gaiety. 'You now see, my child,'
 said I, 'that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's pas-
 sion was all a dream; he permits the rivalry of ano-
 ther, every way his inferior, though he knows it
 lies in his power to secure you to himself by a can-
 did declaration.'---'Yes, papa,' returned she, 'but
 he has his reasons for this delay; I know he has.
 The sincerity of his looks and words convince me of
 his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will disco-
 ver the generosity of his sentiments, and convince
 you that my opinion of him has been more just than
 yours.'---'Olivia, my darling,' returned I, 'every
 scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel
 him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned
 by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have
 constrained you. But you must not suppose, my
 dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering
 his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed
 passion. Whatever time you require to bring your
 fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted:
 but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regard-
 less, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Wil-
 liams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The cha-
 racter which I have hitherto supported in life de-
 mands this from me, and my tenderness as a parent
 shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name
 then your day, let it be as distant as you think pro-
 per, and in the mean time take care to let Mr.
 Thornhill know the exact time on which I design
 delivering you up to another. If he really loves
 you, his own good sense will readily suggest that
 there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you
 for ever.' This proposal, which she could not avoid
 considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to.
 She again renewed her most positive promise of marry-
 ing Mr. Williams, in case of the other's insensibi-
 lity; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's
 presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nup-
 tials with his rival.

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Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety: but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous, but no more open. On the third he discontinued his visits entirely; and instead of my daughter testifying an impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future. Bused in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost, 'Well Moses,' cried I, 'we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in our family; what is your opinion of matters and things in general?'---- 'My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cyder-press and brewing tubs for nothing.'----- 'That we shall Moses,' cried I, 'and he will sing us Death and the Lady to raise our spirits in the bargain.'---- 'He has taught that song to our Dick?' cried Moses; 'and I think he goes through it very prettily.'----- 'Does he so,' cried I, 'then let us have it: where is little Dick,' let him 'up with it boldly.'--- 'My brother Dick,' cried Bill, my youngest, 'is just gone with sister Livy; but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them to you papa. Which song do you chuse-----' *The dying Swan; or the Elegy on the Death of a*

‘*Mad dog?*---‘The elegy, child, by all means,’ said
 ‘I; I never heard that yet---and Deborah, my life,
 ‘grief, you know, is dry; let us have a bottle of the
 ‘best gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits. I
 ‘have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late,
 ‘that, without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will
 ‘overcome me.---And Sophy, love, take your guitar,
 ‘and thrum in with the boy a little.’

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song;
 And if you find it wond’rous short,
 It cannot hold you long.
 In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene’er he went to pray.
 A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes;
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his clothes.
 And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mungrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
 And curs of low degree.
 This dog and man at first were friends;
 But, when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad and bit the man.
 Around from all the neighbouring streets,
 The wond’ring neighbours ran;
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.
 The wound it seemed both fore and sad,
 To every Christian eye;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.
 But soon a wonder came to light,
 That shew’d the rogues they lied;
 The man recover’d of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

‘ A very good boy, Bill, upon my word; and an elegy that may be truly called tragical-----Come, children, here’s Bill’s health, and may he one day be a bishop!’

‘ With all my heart,’ cried my wife; ‘ and if he but preaches as well he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family by the mother’s side could sing a good song; it was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them, nor the Hugginson’s blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story.’—‘ However that be,’ cried I, ‘ the most vulgar ballad of all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify in a single stanza; productions that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to your brother, Moses. The great fault of these elegia’s is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster.’

‘ That may be the mode,’ cried Moses, ‘ in sublimer composition: but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould; Collin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can.’

‘ And very good advice too,’ cried I; ‘ and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there: for, as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting.’

‘ Yes, Sir,’ returned Moses, ‘ and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe, Ranelagh in England,

‘England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a year, but our English wives are saleable every night.’

‘You are right, my boy,’ cried his mother, ‘Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives.’-----‘And for wives to manage their husbands,’ interrupted I. ‘It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the Continent would come over to take pattern from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life-----and Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fire-side, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live they will be our support and our pleasure here, and when we die they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity.’-----‘Come, my son, we wait for a song: let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia; that little cherub’s voice is always sweetest in the concert.’ Just as I spoke, Dick came running in, ‘O papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!’---‘Gone child!’---‘Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise; and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her; and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, “O, what will my poor papa do, when he knows I am undone.”’---‘Now,’ then, cried I, ‘my children, go and be miserable; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And O may Heaven’s everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child! And sure it will,

‘for

‘for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to heaven. Such sincerity as my child was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is now over!’
‘Go, my children, go and be miserable and infamous; for my heart is broken within me!’—‘Father,’ cried my son, ‘is this your fortitude?’—‘Fortitude, child!’
‘Yes, he shall see I have fortitude! Bring me my pistols. I’ll pursue the traitor. While he is on earth, I’ll pursue him. Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The villain, perfidious villain!’ I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. ‘My dearest, dearest husband,’ cried she, ‘the bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us.’-----‘Indeed, Sir,’ resumed my son, after a pause, ‘your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother’s comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy; you should not have cursed him, villain as he is.’---‘I did not curse him, child, did I!’---‘Indeed, Sir, you did; you cursed him twice.’---‘Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did. And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies: Bless be his holy name for all the good he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away. But it is not, it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child, to undo my darling; May confusion seize!---Heaven forgive me: What am I about to say?---You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming; till this vile moment, all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died! But she is gone, the honour of our family contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here.-----But my child, you

‘you saw them go off; perhaps he forced her away.
 ‘If he forced her, she may yet be innocent.’---‘Ah,
 ‘no, Sir,’ cried the child; ‘he only kissed her, and
 ‘called her his angel, and she wept very much, and
 ‘leaned upon him, and they drove off very fast.’---
 ‘She’s an ungrateful creature,’ cried my wife, who
 could scarcely speak for weeping, ‘to use us thus, she
 ‘never had the least constraint put upon her affections.
 ‘The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents
 ‘without any provocation, thus to bring your grey
 ‘hairs to the grave, and I must shortly follow.’

In this manner that night, the first of our real mis-
 fortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and
 ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, how-
 ever to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and
 reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed
 our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give
 life and cheerfulness to us all. ‘My wife, as before
 attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. ‘Never,’
 cried she, ‘shall that vilest stain of our family again
 ‘darken these harmless doors. I will never call her
 ‘daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her
 ‘vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she
 ‘shall never more deceive us.’

‘Wife,’ said I, ‘do not talk thus hardly: my de-
 ‘testation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever
 ‘shall this house and this heart be open to a poor re-
 ‘turning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns
 ‘from her transgression, the more welcome shall she
 ‘be to me. For the first time the very best may err;
 ‘art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm.
 ‘The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every
 ‘other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched
 ‘creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house,
 ‘though stained with ten thousand vices. I will
 ‘again hearken to the music of her voice, again will
 ‘I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repen-
 ‘tance there.---My son, bring hither my Bible and
 ‘my staff: I will pursue her, wherever she is; and

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though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of her iniquity.

C H A P. XVIII.

The pursuit of a father to reclaim a lost child to virtue.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter: but before I reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter, in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom by the description, I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me; therefore I went to the young squire's, and though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately; he soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late several private conferences with her; but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself, whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way, to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and enquired of several

ral by the way: but received no accounts, till entering the town I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the squire's, and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me; but if as he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more.

I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I retired to a little alehouse, by the road side; and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, who has written so many little books for children; he called himself their friend: but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to

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be gone: for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journies of ten miles a day.

My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them: as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we arise shews us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summit of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake: but when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit.

The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company; as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. 'Good company upon the road,' says the proverb, 'is the shortest cut.' I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I descanted on such topics with my usual freedom; but as I was but little acquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present

sent theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day? 'I fancy, Sir,' cried the player, 'few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden and Rowe's manner, Sir, are quite out of fashion: our taste has gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Johnson, and all the plays of Shakespear, are the only things that go down.'—'How!' cried I, 'is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those over-charged characters, which abound in the works you mention?'—'Sir,' returned my companion, 'the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character; for that is none of their business; they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Johnson's or Shakespear's name.'—'So then, I suppose,' cried I, 'that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakespear than nature.'—'To say the truth,' returned my companion, 'I don't know that they imitate any thing at all; nor indeed does the public require it of them? it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced, that elicits applause. I have known a piece with not one jest in the whole, shrugged into popularity, and another saved by the poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, Sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste! our modern dialect is much more natural.'

By this time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprized of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us: for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first ale-house that offered; and being shewn into the com-

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mon room, was accosted by a very well dressed gentleman, who demanded, whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play. Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I sat him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

C H A P. XIX.

The description of a person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

THE house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shewn, was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed, that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in an easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted, that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor; to which replying in the negative, 'What, nor the Auditor,

‘I suppose?’ cried he. ‘Neither, Sir,’ returned I, ‘That’s strange, very strange,’ replied my entertainer. ‘Now, I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews; and though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, Sir, liberty is the Briton’s boast; and by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence it’s guardians.’—‘Then it is to be hoped,’ cried I, ‘you reverence the king.’—‘Yes,’ returned my entertainer, ‘when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I’ll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think only; I could have directed some things better. I don’t think there has been a sufficient number of advisers; he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guest manner.’

‘I wish,’ cried I, ‘that such intruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our Constitution, that sacred power that has for some years been every day declining, and losing it’s due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the cry of liberty, and if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale.’

‘How,’ cried one of the ladies, ‘do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!’

‘Can it be possible,’ cried our entertainer, ‘that there should be any found at present, advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any, Sir, be so abject?’

‘No, Sir,’ replied I, ‘I am for liberty, that attri-

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'bute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne; we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who were called levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But alas! it would never answer: for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest; for as sure as your groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since then it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command, and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or still farther off in the metropolis. Now, Sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther he is removed from me, the better-pleased am I. The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now the great, who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great therefore to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because, whatever they take from that, is naturally restored to themselves: and all they have to do in the state, is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primæval authority. Now the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of under-

' mining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the
 ' circumstances of our state be such, as to favour the
 ' accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still
 ' more rich, this will encrease their ambition. An
 ' accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be
 ' the consequence, when as at present, more riches flow
 ' in from external commerce than arise from internal
 ' industry; for external commerce can only be managed
 ' to advantage by the rich, and they have also at the
 ' same time all the emoluments arising from internal
 ' industry; so that the rich, with us, have two
 ' sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one.
 ' For this reason, wealth in all commercial states, is
 ' found to accumulate; and all such have hitherto
 ' in time become aristocratical. Again, the very laws
 ' also of this country may contribute to the accumu-
 ' lation of wealth, as when by their means the natural
 ' ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken;
 ' and it is ordained, that the rich shall only marry
 ' with the rich; or when the learned are held unqua-
 ' lified to serve their country as counsellors, merely
 ' from a defect of opulence; and wealth is thus made
 ' the object of a wise man's ambition; by these means,
 ' I say, and such means as these, riches will accumu-
 ' late. Now the possessor of accumulated wealth, when
 ' furnished with the necessaries and pleasures of life,
 ' has no other method to employ the superfluity of
 ' his fortune, but in purchasing power; that is, dif-
 ' ferently speaking, in making dependants, by pur-
 ' chasing the liberty of the needy or the venal, of
 ' men who are willing to bear the mortification of
 ' contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very
 ' opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of
 ' the poorest of the people; and the polity abound-
 ' ing in accumulated wealth may be compared to a
 ' Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own.
 ' Those, however, who are willing to move in a great
 ' man's vortex, are only such as must be slaves, the
 ' rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose education

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are adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a large number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely that order of men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble; those men who are possessors of too large fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called the people. Now it may happen, that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble: for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs, be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution; it is evident, that great numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they, ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left, is to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town, of which the opulent are forming the siege, and which the governor from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with privileges; but if they once defeat the governor from behind, the walls of the town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they may then expect may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws go-

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‘vern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am
 ‘then for, and would die for, monarchy, sacred mo-
 ‘narchy: for if there be any thing sacred amongst
 ‘men, it must be the anointed SOVEREIGN of his
 ‘people, and every diminution of his power in war
 ‘or in peace, is an infringement upon the real liber-
 ‘ties of the subject. The sounds of Liberty, patri-
 ‘otism and Britons, have already done much; it is
 ‘to be hoped, that the true sons of freedom will pre-
 ‘vent their ever doing more. I have known many
 ‘of those pretended champions for liberty in my time,
 ‘yet do I not remember one that was not in his heart
 ‘and in his family a tyrant.’

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue
 beyond the rules of good breeding: but the impati-
 ence of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt
 it, could be restrained no longer. ‘What!’ cried he,
 ‘then I have been all this while entertaining a jesuit
 ‘in parson’s cloaths: but by all the coal-mines of
 ‘Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wil-
 ‘kinson.’ I now found I had gone too far, and
 asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken.
 ‘Pardon!’ returned he in a fury; ‘I think such
 ‘principles demand ten thousand pardons. What!
 ‘give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer
 ‘says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes!
 ‘Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house
 ‘immediately, to prevent worse consequences. Sir,
 ‘I insist upon it.’ I was going to repeat my remon-
 strances; but just then we heard a footman rap at
 ‘the door, and the two ladies cried out, ‘As sure as
 ‘death, there is our master and mistress come home.’
 It seems my entertainer was all this while only the
 butler, who, in his master’s absence, had a mind to
 cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself;
 and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as
 most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now
 exceed my confusion, upon seeing the gentleman and
 his lady to enter; nor was their surprize, at finding

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such company and good cheer, less than ours. 'Gentlemen,' cried the real master of the house, to me and my companion, 'my wife and I are your most humble servants; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation.' However unexpected our company might be to them, their's, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when, whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. 'My dear Sir,' cried she, 'to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have got the good Doctor Primrose for their guest.' Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling on being informed of the nature of my present visit; but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was at my intercession forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days, and as their niece my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their intreaties, I complied. That night I was shewn to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early, Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she enquired, with seeming concern, when last I had heard from my son George. 'Alas! Madam,' cried I, 'he has now been near three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more.'

'No,

‘No, my dear Madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fire-side at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy upon us.’ The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account: but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was however some consolation to me, to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening; the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praise of the new performer, and averred that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day: ‘But this gentleman,’ continued he, ‘seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey down.’ This account in some measure excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestibly the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last; and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son.

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He was going to begin ; when turning his eyes upon the audience; he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable.

The actors behind the scenes, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him ; but, instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion ; for they succeeded with two much rapidity for description ; but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot ; who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation, for him ; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport : for I could never counterfeit a false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated ; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of irresistible beauty ! and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



